

# A DIALOGUE

Betwixt the

## Devil and the Whigs.

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*Now, Reader, tell me, if you can,  
Which is the Devil, who the Man;  
For if a Tekelite be a Turk,  
They both do (All) the Devils Work.*

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*Whigs.*

**W**E have pursu'd those *Plots* thou didst invent,  
And made our *Parties* in a Parliament,  
And to no purpose, what can we do more;  
Thou let'st the *Tories* in, yet keep'st the Door.

*Devil.*

When ought doth not succeed you first blame Me,  
Amongst your selves Ye never did agree:  
Your *Wife-false-brethren* have undone your *Cause*,  
And from no Subjects, flav'd you to the Laws.

*Whigs.*

We know no Laws but those our Selves do make,  
And Hanging ne're confers (All) for Thy sake:  
Thou know'st what we have done, and more would do,  
But deal'st with us, as Witches, leav'st us so.

*Devil.*

My Power is to Inclue, not to Compell,  
You are the *Ministers to Act for Hell*;  
But do not send me those I did expect,  
Through your base Cowardise, or Fool's neglect.

*Whigs.*

Can We do more than Thou; *We kill'd a KING*,  
And his Best Subjects did to Judgement bring:  
We sent them hence, when they were under Ground,  
We thought all Flesh, was in the Devil's Pound.

*Devil.*

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*Devil.*

You speak as you believe, were it not so  
Thousands of you might unto Heaven go;  
But Your *Association* with Me  
Will keep us Friends to all Eternity,  
And never be reproach'd for *Perjury*.

*Whig.*

Thou the first Rebel, taught'st us to *Rebell*,  
Surely Thou need'st no Company in Hell.  
Thou sham'd'st Us in Contriving of this *Plot*,  
That GOD himself would oversee the Blot,  
Because that in his Name it was Begot.

*Devil.*

There is a Bard as strange as is his Name,  
A Power you know not, who hath rais'd his Fame,  
'Tis He, whose Wisdom Countermin'd your Arts,  
And on your selves return'd your poyson'd Darts.

*Whig.*

That Devil *Observer*, Oh! 'tis He  
We would not see (GOD) in His Company:  
Our very Thoughts, He seem'd to know so well,  
They were in Print, before th' were known in Hell.

*Devil.*

His *Demon* circles Him, I cannot Kill  
Nor Hurt Him, so much as to shake his Quill,  
He Writes such *Truths*, and Speaks such *Sacred Things*,  
The Churches Champion, and the Guard of Kings.

*Whig.*

Though Thou *Confess*, Thou canst not yet *Repent*  
No more than We; Then down when we are sent,  
There curse the Fates, who spin so long His Thread,  
That He will live, to see our Children Dead.

*Devil.*

Take Comfort yet, the *Blood* that You have spilt,  
No former Age can paralel your *Guilt*.  
I did corrupt the *Mobile* of Heaven.  
You did the like on Earth, now We are even.

This Kindness I will do; Over my *Furies*,  
I'll make You *Presidents*, *Judges*, or *Juries*.

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